Mother Knows Best: Link and Madame Brinhild
By Yu May and Goji

After a long morning's ride across the Brynna Plains, Link had arrived at the settlement of Brynham and stabled Epona for the day.

As he made his way toward the inn, Link sensed someone following him, and gripped his sword. But when he turned, he saw it was only a group of four younger boys following him. They were all wearing matching vests. The leader of the group was a sandy-haired boy, wearing a crooked red cap and a crooked smile. "Yo, what are you doing here, green? This is our street! Don't you know who we are?"

Link released his grip on his sword, and kept walking.

A second, shorter boy, with a mop of long, golden-brown hair, toddled to catch up with Link, and wiped his nose. "That's right, we're the Secret Slayers! Better watch your step around here."

Link paused. "I see. Then I will be careful."

As Link brushed past the gang leader, he heard the other three boys sniggering behind him. Then he felt something hard bounce off the back of his skull. Link spun around, spotted a smooth stone bouncing on the ground behind him, and spotted the red-capped boy stooping to the ground.

The brat threw another two stones in quick succession. Link dodged the first. The moment before the second stone could strike his nose, he snatched it out of the air with a bare-handed catch.

The other three boys gasped, turned tail, and ran away. The short, brown-haired boy screamed for his mommy, crashed into a sign post, then stumbled away, bawling like a baby.

The red-capped boy grimaced as he noticed his gang abandoning him. "Hey! Come back here, you chickens!"

The sandy-haired boy heard a strange, groaning sound, and turned to find Link pulling his slingshot taut to aim the pebble at the boy's face. At the last moment, Link aimed to the side, and the pebble went whizzing past the boy's ear, knocking off his red cap. The sandy-haired boy felt his scalp, squeaked, then ran off, leaving his cap behind.

Link sighed, put away his slingshot, and made his way to the inn.

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When he arrived, he found a middle-aged woman sitting under the sign that read “Brinhild’s Rest.” The cheerful woman painted on the sign was the spitting image of the woman sitting beneath it, who could only be Brinhild herself. She was a tall, matronly, broad-shouldered woman, with dark umber hair, and tanned skin, and a pleasant, cheerful, round face. But at the moment, Brinhild was weeping profusely, in sharp contrast to her smiling, hand-painted counterpart.

Link cleared his throat. “Excuse me, ma’am? I need lodgings for the night. Do you have a spare room?”

Brinhild looked up, tears staining her cheeks. “Oh… A traveler? Of course. We don’t get many of your sort here these days. There’s always room… Always room for… a sweet young boy! Oh, boo-hoo! Boo-hoo-hoo! Oh, woe is me! Oh woe, oh woe, oh… Waaaaauuh!”

Link shuffled on his feet. “Perhaps I should… come back another time?”

Brinhild wiped her face on her well-muscled forearm, then blew her nose on a handkerchief, with gusto. “Oh, there’s no point. If you come back later, nothing will have changed. I’ll still be a broken-hearted… mother…”

The woman composed her self, then stood up, towering above Link. “Rooms are five rupees for a night, breakfast included. I churn all the butter myself, using only the finest Lon Lon milk, so… Oh, you wicked little boy!”

Link’s hair stood on end as the woman roared at him, before he turned, and recognized the gang of boys approaching the inn: the Secret Slayers.

Two of the gang members fled, leaving only the older sandy-haired boy and the younger, snot-nosed boy. Brinhild brushed past Link, her bosoms smacking against his face with such force, he fell on his butt. She stomped up to the two juvenile delinquents, waving her finger. “Gone all day! No note! Nothing! Where have you two been? Oh, don’t tell me. You were with those hoodlums again. And bringing your baby brother into it? Shame on you, Barda! You know they’re a bad influence on you!”

The snot-nosed boy wiped his nose. “Nuh uh. Barda’s the leader of the Secret Slayers. We’re the bad influence on them!”

Brinhild put her hands on her hips. “Why, I’ve a good mind to spank you both, right here and now!”

Barda brushed his sandy-colored bangs out of his eyes, and crossed his arms. “Oh yeah? I’d like to see you try. Your spankings don’t hurt at all, and you know it!”

Brinhild's lip quivered, before she started weeping again, and slumped back toward the inn. "It's no use! What is a woman to do? If only… If only your father were still here!"

As the woman slumped her head against the door, Link patted her on her lower back. "You shouldn't let them speak to you like that. You're their mother, after all."

Brinhild sniffled, her lip quivering. "But… I can't bear to spank them! That was always their father's job, not mine! I don't have the heart to hurt my poor babies!"

"You don't have to hurt them. You just have to convince them that you *can* spank them, if you have to."

The woman clapped her hands. "Aha, I see! You clever little boy! Your plan is to have me pretend to spank *you* in front of them, isn't it? Once they see their mommy can still give a proper spanking, they'll know I'm not kidding around."

Link blinked. "Um… Actually, I was thinking that–"

Quickly, the woman pulled Link into a hug, cutting him off. "Of course, I'll let you board here for free, for as long as you need. It's the least I can do."

As he felt the woman's breasts smothering him, Link tried to pull away, then remembered the sorry state of his wallet. Having free room and board meant he could take his time to resupply, and maybe even build up some funds for more expensive equipment for once. "Oof! Okay! Yes, ma'am! Just… make sure it looks convincing. The whole point is to show your boys that you're serious about–"

Brinhild pulled back from the hug, and pinched Link by the ear. "Oh, I never! You little rapscallion, trying to play 'puff-puff' with my breasts, are you? I'll show you what happens to naughty little boys who don't respect the rules of chivalry!"

Barda's eyes went wide. "Watch it, Mommy! That's the kid who–um–was threatening us! He's stronger than all the boys on the Secret Slayers put together!"

"Hmph! Well he's not stronger than me!" Ignoring Link's yelps of pain, Brinhild hauled him into the inn, leading him toward the kitchen table.

Brinhild sat down with a thump on a wooden chair, and pinched Link's legs between her knees. "Now, what do you have to say for yourself, young man?"

Link groaned as he rubbed his ear. "Ooh, uh, I'm sorry, ma'am. There seems to have been a misunderstanding. You see, I'm actually a Knight of Hyrule, on a quest to–"

Abruptly, Brinhild scooped Link up under his armpits, and lay him on his stomach across her left thigh, lying bottoms-up. “So, the Knights of Hyrule like to get into street fights with school boys, do they? Well, we’ll have none of you brigands causing trouble in our fair hamlet.”

Brinhild clapped Link twice across the seat of his green tunic, Link gasped as he felt the solid swats. Eyeing the two boys behind him, Link pretended to be afraid. “Owch! Oh, okay, ma’am, you spank really hard! I get it! I won’t do anything bad in Brynham, I promise! You can let me up now!”

But Brinhild only flipped up the skirt of Link’s tunic, revealing his thin, white breeches, and patted him across his helpless backside. “It’s not going to be that easy. A proper spanking has to hurt, and you’re getting a proper spanking. Barda, Bortha, watch closely. If I ever catch you two fighting in the street, you’ll be getting just the same as the naughty knight of Hyrule here.”

Then, Brinhild started to deliver firm, steady claps, covering both of Link’s butt cheeks with each swat of her strong right hand. Link grunted, resisting the urge to kick his feet or shield his bottom. Then he grit his teeth, and faked a loud cry. “I’m sorry, ma’am! *Ow!* I won’t do it again! *Yeeow!* I’ve learned my lesson! *Whoaaah! Hoooowwie!”*

But Brinhild only carried on spanking, without missing a beat. Link silently counted twenty spanks, before he winced, tried to catch his breath, and lost count.

Finally, after what must have been one-hundred solid swats, Brinhild paused. “There, that should do for a warmup. Now, let’s get one thing clear. Barda, Bortha, from now on, the rule in this house is: anyone who causes trouble around town, whether it’s playing pranks, breaking windows, or starting gang fight will get a good *spanking*… right on their bare little bum-bums!”

Link blinked back tears. “No, wait! Please, don’t pull down my underwear!”

Brinhild clicked her tongue, and undid the knotted string that held up Link’s breeches. “Don’t be absurd. All naughty little boys get spanked on their bare bottoms. How else are you supposed to learn to mind your mothers?”

With a clean tug, Brinhild yanked Link’s breeches down to just below his bottom, and landed a ferocious clap, leaving a bright pink handprint behind. Then, she carefully aimed the next ten swats on the exact same spot. The pink mark grew a deeper shade of red with each impact, and the clear shape of the handprint seemed to fade to a soft, angry, fiery pattern.

Link yelped after each and every one of the ten strokes. Finally, Brinhild paused, and Link gasped for air. “Okay! I’m sorry! So sorry, ma’am! I’ve learned my lesson! No more fighting, ever again! No more–”

But Brinhild cut Link off with another spank, then changed her usual pattern. This time, she alternated between Link’s left and right buttock, aiming for the pale, white, unmarked flesh on

either side of the red handprint. “That’s right! No more! No more disobedient, misbehaving boys will ever be allowed to stay under my roof, ever again! Do you understand that, Master Link!”

Link roared, shaking his head, before forcing himself to nod furiously. “Yes, ma’am! I understand! No more spanking! Please, no more! I’ll be good!”

But Brinhild landed a resounding spank across Link’s lower bottom, then paused to examine her work. “That’s right, Link! You will be a good boy, from now on. And what will happen if you don’t?”

Link hissed, gripping the legs of the chair. “I’ll get spanked! I understand! Please, you spank really, really hard!”

Barda and Bortha hugged each other, both shivering. “Sh-she does?”

Brinhild wagged a finger at her sons. “That’s right. A spanking has to hurt something terrible, or there’s no point… And a spanking has to last a long, long, *horribly* long time, until your whole bottom is bright red as a Chuchu-cherry!”

Link’s eyes fluttered open. “Huh? Wait! It hurts plenty, already! I swear!”

Brinhild slammed her palm down across the center of Link’s bottom, reawakening the angry sting of the earlier slaps. “There will be no swearing in this house, young man!”

With that, she aimed two quick swats, one across Link’s left upper thigh, the next across his right upper thigh, and started to spank at a brisk pace, steadily increasing her tempo. Link tried to stand up, only to feel her hand pin him back down. “It hurts! Please, oh please, no! No more spanking!”

Brinhild answered with another of her harder slaps, aimed at the exact same center spot as before. Link screamed, kicking his legs to break free, before Brinhild easily hooked her right leg to pinch his legs in place. Link screeched, released his grip on the chair, and covered his bottom with both hands. “Kyaaah! No moooore!”

Brinhild sniffed, before she easily snatched Link’s hands away from his bottom, and pinned them both against the small of his back with one hand. “For shame, young man! You’re going to take what’s coming to you, like a brave knight should. Now, hold still. I promise this is going to hurt you more than it hurts me.”

Link writhed and squirmed, but he was held fast in place. Brinhild started to swat at the same brisk pace as before, as if nothing had interrupted her.

But then, to Link’s horror, he felt Brinhild increase the pace of the spanking again, as if moving from a canter to a full gallop.

And only then did Brinhild start to spank with her full strength, covering every square inch of his buttocks as she peppered him without mercy.

Tears sprang to Link's eyes as he felt the harder spanks, and he had a moment of dawning comprehension: when Brinhild had called the earlier spanking a warmup, she had meant it. Everything he had felt so far, which had already been enough to bring him to the brink of tears, was only Brinhild getting the feel for using her arm. But only now had the *actual* spanking finally begun.

Link reared back his head, and shouted a final, warbling war cry.

Undeterred, Brinhild carried on the spanking at the same lightning-quick pace, with the same relentless force. Finally, Link's voice cracked, and he squealed like a piglet, before slumping forward. "Noooo! M'sorry! I'll be goooooood! *Bwaaaaauuugh!"*

After another hundred swats, Brinhild stopped at once. By that point, Link was sobbing uncontrollably, lying limp across her lap. She nodded. "There, that should serve as a lasting warning, I believe. Barda, Bortha? What do you think? Is that a hard enough spanking for a naughty boy who pulls mean pranks and starts fights?"

The two brothers nodded. Barda whispered. "Yes, Mommy! That's a good spanking! We won't ever cause trouble ever again!"

Bortha sniffled. "Yeah! I don't wanna' be a Secret Slayer no more!"

Brinhild beamed. "Excellent! In that case, there's only one thing left to do with our errant little knight errant."

She scooped Link up, and set him on his feet. Then she reached around to lift up the back of his skirt, tucked it into his belt, and pointed toward the corner of the room. "Now, march yourself straight to the corner to stand in timeout. Stick that nose against the wall, and keep that red, spanked bottom of yours sticking out for our guests to see. Is that clear, young man?"

Link nodded, stammering. "Y-yes, ma'am!"

Brinhild spun Link around, and patted his bottom to guide him toward the corner. "Good, now hustle! And I don't want to hear a peep out of you for the rest of the day… Good, stand up straight, hands behind your head. You're going to serve as a little reminder of what happens to rule-breakers under my roof!"

Feeling fresh tears in his eyes, Link clutched his fingers tight behind his skull, and pressed his nose flat against the corner. Then, he started to cry again, but more softly this time.

Dimly, he overheard the sound of Barda and Bortha doing chores, and a few guests coming and going. At one point, he could have sworn he heard a group of teenage girls giggling. Perking up his ear, Link could make out their whispered discussion: they were listing all the sorts of fruits and vegetables that were colored red–tomatoes, strawberries, raspberries, cherries, apples–and arguing about which one most aptly described a certain “well-spanked bottom.” But Link didn’t dare to look away from his corner.

Finally, after what felt like hours, someone tapped him on the shoulder, and Brinhild pulled him out of timeout, smiling. “Thank you, young Sir Knight. Your plan worked perfectly. Both my sons have sworn to turn over a new leaf. You may stay here for as long as you like, free of charge.”

Link sniffled. “May… may I pull up my undergarments, ma’am?”

“Of course, my dear boy! What is your name, lad?”

Wincing, Link bent over to pull up his breeches. “Oof… I’m Link. Sir Link of Hyrule.”

“And what brings you to the Brynna Plains, Sir Link?”

Link hissed as he stood back up, and felt the soft fabric of his breeches trap the heat against his aching buttocks. “I was… hoping to find some work for a sell-sword. I need a suit of armor, at least, I will if I ever hope to serve the royal family.”

“Mercenary work? At your age? Oh, heavens, child, that won’t do! If you want to be a knight, you simply must stay with me, free of charge. That way, you can save up your pocket money, and buy whatever you need.”

Sniffling, Link wiped away tears on the back of his hand. “That’s… very kind of you, ma’am. But I couldn’t possibly impose on–”

Brinhild pulled Link into a tight hug, smothering his face against her bosom as she patted the back of his head. “Nonsense! My home is your home. Why, as far as I’m concerned, a boy your age still needs a mother’s touch… Link, child, don’t you have a mother and father of your own?”

Link gasped for air as the woman’s cleavage filled his vision, and pulled back from the hug. “N-no? I’ve never needed them.”

Brinhild gasped. “Oh, you poor child! Every boy needs a mother.”

Tears sprang to Link's eyes. "I… I did have a mother once… But now she's gone…"

Brinhild patted the back of Link's shoulder. "Yes, dear… I had to grieve for my husband for years. But at your age? Don't you see, child? You never had time to grieve… You never had time to be a child… But that's all in the past, now. It's finally time for you to let someone take care of you."

Two tears dripped down Link's face. "You don't mean… You want…"

Brinhild kissed Link's forehead. "Yes, darling boy! If you don't have a mother, then *I* will be your mother… For as long as you need me."

Link felt the warmth of the embrace, and settled his cheek against Brinhild's breasts.

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It was a cool, breezy summer day in Brynham. The Coo-coos were clucking. Children were giggling. And Brinhild was steadily spanking Link's bare bottom, right in the middle of the street. The entirety of the Secret Slayers watched the proceedings in terror, wondering if they were next.

Ignoring Link's shouts, Brinhild spanked at a slow, steady pace. "I can't believe you, Link! Sword fighting… with actual swords? It's bad enough when you boys hit each other with sticks! Whatever put that fool idea in your head?"

Link grunted, kicking his feet. "It's just practice! I used a sword all the time when I was their age!"

For a moment, Brinhild paused the spanking for a moment, puffed her cheeks, then resumed. "Ooh! That is no excuse! You know the rule. No playing with swords unless you have the swordsmith to supervise."

Link bucked once, before Brinhild lifted her knee high, and secured him in place for the next round of his punishment."Oww! You don't need to spank me! I'm old enough to handle myself!"

Brinhild slowed down the pace of the spanking slightly, landing one smack to emphasize each of her words. *"No! You! Are! Not!* And yes I *do* need to spank you! You are still a boy, and need plenty of training before you can be trusted with a weapon. You know the rules full well. You are not to touch that sword without permission. And *certainly* no teaching your little brothers to play with swords. You're supposed to set them an example! Now, hold still!"

Link beat his fists against her thigh, spitting with rage. “Y-you’re not the boss of me! You’re a big, fat–”

But before Link could finish, Brinhild cut him off with a firm swat. “None of that backtalk. You’ve just earned yourself *another* spanking tonight, before bedtime. That brings you up to *three* spankings in one day, already. But for now, let’s finish *this* one!”

Link seethed, before the dam broke, and he melted into tears. “Mommy! I’m sorry!”

Brinhild sniffed, and carried on paddling her favorite adopted son. “Sorry for what?”

“Aaauuuw! F-for… for disobeying you! For playing with swords.”

“And for what else?”

“Waaaugh!—Please—Just stop!—*Aaah-haaooooooww!”*

“This spanking is not over until I hear a polite apology.”

“Can’t—*ahhhgk!*—can’t talk!—*hyaaah!”*

“None of that bally-hooing. You wanted to be a big, tough show-off for the other boys? Well, then show them how a brave boy is *supposed* to take his spanking.”

With a growl, Link held his legs down, obediently lifting his bottom high in the air. *“Soorrreeeey!”*

Brinhild nodded. “That’s more like it. Hold fast until I finish, then we’ll see if you’re ready to be a bit more polite. Courage, Link.”

After delivering another twenty ferocious swats, Brinhild paused, and patted Link’s bottom. “Now, what was it you were going to say to me? I’m a big, fat… what now?”

Sniveling, Link rubbed his feet together. “I’m sorry, Mommy! I didn’t mean it!”

“Oh, no. I know you well enough by now, child. Let’s hear what’s on your mind.”

Gulping for air, Link lifted his head, and saw all the neighbors watching his punishment with keen interest. Link hiccuped, then twisted to look over his shoulder, painfully aware

that his bottom was still poking in the air behind him. “I’m sorry—I was gonna call you… a big, fat, bully!”

The assembled crowd gasped.

Steadily, Brinhild patted Link’s bottom. “Well, I most certainly *am* big, and proud of it. I don’t think I’m all that fat. A woman my age *ought* to have a little meat on her bones, so I’ll take that remark as a compliment… But a bully, am I? Is that really what you think, Link?”

Link shook his head. “No, Mommy! I’m sorry. I lost my temper. You’re not a bully… I’m the bully. Barda and Bortha said it was a bad idea, but… I wanted to teach the other kids swordfighting… I just wanted to show off…”

Pat, pat, pat…

“And do you agree you deserve this spanking, Link?”

Link hung his head. “Yes, Mommy…”

Brinhild raised her hand high. “Then you will get ten more swats, for being a show off. If you can hold still for me, that will be all you get, for now. Deep breath, Link!”

The moment that Link took a shaky breath, Brinhild landed the first swat, and slowly delivered ten spanks without another word. Link bellowed after the first one, but by the tenth, his voice had gone hoarse.

Carefully, Brinhild set Link on his feet, then fixed his tunic. “Now, turn around and apologize to the other boys, for putting them in danger.”

Link felt a drop of snot dribbling from the end of his nose, and tried to snort it, but it was no use. Turning around, Link saw all eyes on him, and hung his head. “I’m sorry I was bad. I promise to never play with swords, ever again.”

Brinhild surprised Link by lifting up his cap, before patting him on the head and ruffling his hair. “Now, now, Link, don’t say that. I know you love playing with swords, Link. It’s just that you need a good teacher, is all. Try that again, and use your head. What specifically are you sorry for, and what are you going to do better?”

As she set his cap back on his head, Link blushed, and held his head high. “I’m sorry for breaking my promise. I’m sorry for being a big show off. I’ll wait until my teacher’s here to use my sword again. I hope you can all forgive me?”

The parents all chuckled. Two of the teenage girls started to clap politely, and others joined in. The rest of the boys in the Secret Slayers sighed with relief, and started cheering at the top of their voices. “Boss! Link! Boss! Link!”

Brinhild knelt beside Link, and looked him in the eye. “I forgive you, Link. But there’s one more matter we have to discuss tonight. Do you remember the rule for backtalk?”

Link hunched his shoulders. “I’m still getting a bedtime spanking?”

“Yes, Link. I know you can take a spanking bravely, but that doesn’t change the punishment for defiance. You know you deserve another spanking, don’t you?”

With a sigh, Link hung his head. “Yeah…”

“Then you know what to do next. Give yourself a bath, then march straight to bed, and get the hairbrush ready. No supper for you tonight. I expect to see you waiting for me, in your pajamas, before I come to tuck you in for the night. Before then, it’s your job to make sure your bottom is bare and you’re all ready for your bedtime spanking, just like we’ve practiced. Can you do that for me?”

Link held his aching bottom, imagining what was still in store for it tonight. “Yes, ma’am… Can you ever forgive me, for breaking your trust?”

“I already have forgiven you, son. But you still have to face this trial. I only spank you because I love you. You know that, don’t you, Link?

Link surprised Brinhild with a hug. “I know that now… Mommy.”

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After he dried himself off, Link slipped into his blue and orange pajamas, tossing his old green tunic over the chair in his room.

Link set a pillow on his bed, and knelt before it. Then, slowly, he pulled down his orange pajama pants, and lay across the pillow to put himself into the right position for a bedtime spanking: with his bare bottom propped up behind him. Link set the hairbrush

in front of his face, and reached back to gently massage his backside, the scorched flesh still tingling from the previous spanking.

Already, he was assimilating into the local culture. The green tunic had been the garb of the wild fairy children of the Kokiri forest, the legendary garb of the heroes of old. But for now, Link was just a regular kid.

He heard a knocking from outside his bedroom, and Brinhild's soothing voice. "Link, dear. It's time for bed. May I come in?"

Link looked at the hairbrush, then scooped it up, cradling it with both hands. The wood was smooth and cool to the touch. Right now, he didn't need to be a hero. All he needed to be was a brave boy.

"Yes, Mommy… I'm ready for my bedtime spanking."

The End